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Judge

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CARPET-CLEANING.

McKINLEY—"The Dingley bill the cause of bad business? Nonsense! Why, you've just had three years of free-trade business depression, and yet you haven't patience to wait a few weeks, until I've beaten the dust out of this carpet."

Judge

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A MISSION of the JUDGE is to welcome the coming, speed the parting jest.

* * *

MR. PINGREE as both governor and mayor would have been too many in the hill.

* * *

MRS. LEASE registers herself at hotels as a resident of New York city. Aha! Another annex.

* * *

A NEW BATTLE-SHIP is said to be safe, rapid, and complete in every respect. Accidents will happen.

* * *

FINE THING for Mr. Bryan to advocate the purchase of Monticello, but the owner of it doesn't wantocello.

* * *

WE BEG to suggest to some other nations that, while the new assistant secretary of the navy has all his teeth in, he won't bite.

* * *

THE EDITOR of the Troy *Press* speaks of "the bedeviled mysteries of poker." We know just how the man feels, but he may have better luck next time.

* * *

"WHERE IS HEAVEN?" asks the Albany *Argus*. The heaven of this earth is a theory rather than a condition, and it is always going to occur next year.

* * *

SELF-DEFENSE.

ABE HARDCASE—"Hello, Pete! I see yo' is practicin' de noble art ob self-defense."
PETE PERSIMMONS—"No; I's practicin' runnin'."
ABE HARDCASE—"I know; but dat's de on'y way I ebah see yo' defend yo'saif."

A COMING MAN.

MR. BAILEY of Texas, the leader of the Democrats in the house, who is totally opposed to the dress-suit, undoubtedly has a desire to be a great Democratic idol. He will presently begin to wear patched breeches and untanned shoes, and go around reflectively chewing a straw.

THE IRON-CLAD WOMAN.

THEY TELL of a man in Wisconsin who lost a bet the penalty of which was to get up and build the fire in the morning. The wife cruelly insisted that he should fulfill his obligation, and now he is dead. A compromise would probably have saved his life; but no! the woman, like the most of her sex, is an uncompromising radical.

A DISCIPLE OF THE CONTRARIES.

THE PROSPECT for woman-suffrage is brighter than ever before. Miss Couzins has always been with "the opposition," and it is natural that she should put up her hands against the inevitable. And she is such an earnest woman that when women begin to vote the country through she will take the platform against that consummation.

WOMEN AS SOLDIERS.

IT IS A FACT that a new law of Colorado permits women to join the national guard and go to war. Everything follows citizenship and the right to vote. We may look ahead to the time when women will be liable to draft in cases of national or state emergency. It is a logical result of the larger liberty in behalf of which so many women are cackling. And in order to inure themselves to the new dispensation it will be necessary for the sex to learn how to sing bass and chew tobacco.

CHURCH EXERCISING.

BISHOP SEYMOUR of the diocese of Illinois advocates dancing for church-members. The proposition as we get it is too vague. Dancing is exercise in movement and grace, and it doesn't necessarily follow that high kicking is beneficial or legitimate because there is more exercise in it than in the ordinary minuet or the later waltz. What, moreover, of the Virginia reel, which permits the rank shuffle and double-shuffle and the kicking up behind? And what of the skirt-dance, which has been inadvertently permitted at some church entertainments? It is good to see this progress, but it is necessary to draw a few lines.

A FREE-SILVER CLUB of Missouri tenders thanks to Ben Tillman "with uncovered heads." Perhaps this is extra reverence, and then again it may the club's method of passing things through their hats.

* * *

IF YOU WANT a divorce it will be necessary for you to live in South Dakota a year, instead of three months as heretofore. Thus are hearts broken and purses emptied that South Dakota may have a perpetual holiday.

* * *

SENATOR GUY of the New York legislature presents a bill to prevent bargain-day advertising. It is becoming more patent every day that the merchants of this state do not know how to take care of their own business.

* * *

A NEW LAW in South Carolina obliges washerwomen to pay a license tax of fifty cents. Statesmanship in several states just at present is the art of squeezing blood out of stone and conferring nothing whatever in return.

* * *

SOROSIS recently discussed the question, "Have we an American literature, or is our literature merely a reflection of foreign influence?" We are inclined to think so, ourselves; but a more important matter is that these large questions are making Sorosis wrinkled and prematurely old.

A FOREIGN MYSTERY.

THE STORY that the czar is in love with a prima-donna, and that his mother approves of his infatuation out of contempt for the stern morality of the czarina, is a little too queer to be wholly believed. It hints at cousinships that are more than usually hateful one to another, and that run through all the royal families; but these things are not sufficiently open to the public to command newspaper publication that is at all reliable. But, on the other hand, the prima-donna has advertising enough in the fact that she is going to marry a rich man who is now at work on his divorce. She really doesn't need the czar or the dowager or the reigning czarina to increase and fatten her notoriety.

VICTORY FOR WHOM?

THEY ARE TALKING of radical changes in politics in municipal elections. They say there is a great reaction against McKinley. Probably the election of Carter H. Harrison in Chicago will have a tremendous effect on the eastern question, to say nothing of our national politics; but which of the two Democratic parties wins the victories? In Chicago it is a free-silver, socialistic triumph; and in one or two of the other places we suppose the gold Democrats have their claims. But the two parties will never be able to pool their issues. They are as wide apart as the two poles. They can claim nothing in common; and the victories are so far in the air that they belong to no organization whatever.

BARB-AIR-ITY.

MR. KENNELLS (*spasmodically*)—"I don't wonder there's so much general disgust over these confounded trochas!"

GRANDMA'S SLIPPERS.

By a daughter of the revolution.

AH, LITTLE shoes, with huge rosette,
And heel "La Marie Antoinette";
So you have danced the minuet
With courtly Marquis La Fayette!
A hundred years you've lain so still
(The thought comes with a sudden thrill),
I wonder if you could forget
Again to dance the minuet!

For I to-night, in old brocade
And petticoat with silver braid,
With patches, powder and pomade,
Shall wear you to the masquerade.
My grandma's slippers! And I muse
When you last danced, oh, dainty shoes,
'Twas with bright sword and epaulet;
Your partner, Marquis La Fayette!

A hundred years! What interlude
Since that far time! And I intrude
Upon your garret solitude
That you may dance with modern dude!
No! Back within your ancient case
With by-gone gowns and yellow lace,
I reverent lay each little shoe.
No modern man shall dance with you.
Small slippers, you shall not disgrace
The memory of that time and place
When last, with flashing jewels set,
You led the reel with La Fayette!

MRS. B. W. HUNT.

AT THE MUSEUM.

MANAGER—"Say, Pete, you'd better put a little more alcohol on de horned toad."

THIRSTY THORNTON (*mournfully*)—"'To dose dat hev, shall be given.' Dere's scripcher fer ye!"

A BORN ORATOR.

EACH tramp has got within his head
A speechifying bump;
For when he spies a cast-off weed
He promptly takes the stump.

CASUALS.

A MAN with a history — The book-agent.

Contemplating matrimony — The guest at the wedding.

Women cannot tell the truth; their utmost nobility in that direction is to refrain from telling lies.

HIS AWFUL CONDITION.

Seldum Fedd — "I'm afeared poor old Wabbly ain't goin' to live much longer. He's delirious all de time an' seein' horrible things."

Ragged Haggard — "What sort er horrible things—snakes?"

Seldum Fedd — "No; woodsaws an' axes an' shovels."

MR. JOHNSON—"Lo'd! I nebber could squeeze froo dat little hole—guess dat trap dat's set fo' me will come in handy——

A POULTRY GENERAL.

——ez I hain't de champeen quoit-heavah of dis town——

—— fo' nuffin'!"

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

ALICE NIELSEN AS "YVONNE," IN "THE SERENADE."

"The Serenade" will now be played
From Boston to Hoboken;
And I'm afraid by you, sweet maid,
Will many hearts be broken,
If you keep on as you've begun—
Pretty, piquante, petite Yvonne!

JUDGMENTS FROM MR. MCGARVEY.

SHURE, it's th' short lane thot has no turnin' too.

Many th' young felly would be shmarter if he knew liss.

It's th' single mon thot don't know whin he's will off till he's married.

Th' mon thot don't do a thing whin he's compilled to is gr-reat; thot's all there is t' thot.

Love—ah, bejakers! thot's th' only thing thot makes hot wither in th' winter.

Whin a crank's talkin' politics t' yez 'tis th' bist way t' hear nothin' ye're listenin' to.

Whin it's milincholy Oi am, an' thinkin' av th' owld toimes, 'tis "Th' Shweet Boy an' Boy" Oi'm afther loikin' t' hear on th' 'cordian.

DAVID H. TALMADGE.

QUALIFIED.

THE stern parent stood frowning within his ancestral halls, his fierce gaze bent upon his only child. The maiden shrank from the parental wrath, yet the blood of her sire spoke out in her continued resistance to his will.

"Mad girl!" he thundered, "how can you thus defy me? If my commands and your own filial duty do not constrain you to give up this youth, let these ancestral portraits speak. These great and learned men and women, are they to be degraded by their degenerate descendant's marriage with a penniless, ancestorless youth—not even a college graduate"——

"Hold, sir!" cried the maiden imperiously. "You say that Julius Augustus is not a college graduate. Let me inform you that he was graduated from one of the most widely-known institutions in the whole land."

"What mean you, girl?" inquired the stern father. "What college graduated him?"

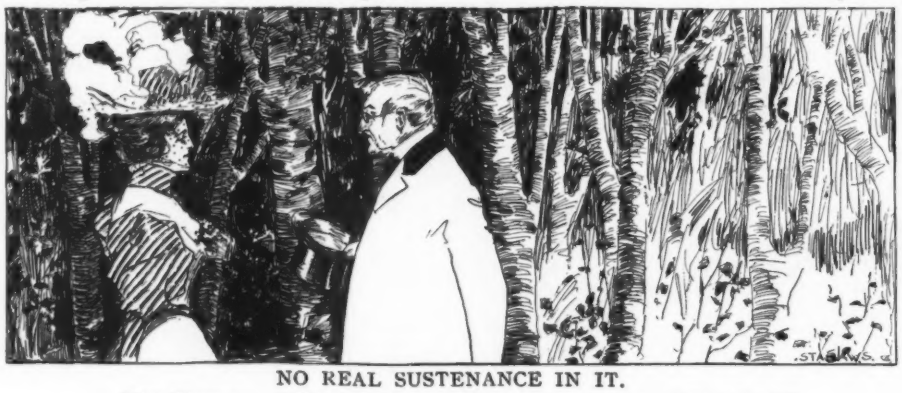
"Father," she replied proudly, "a place where the élite of our land have been glad to go. He was graduated from the Keeley institute!"

"Bless you, my daughter, for your business acumen! The youth is worth his weight in gold. Come to my arms!"

F. E. PRATT.

A YOUTHFUL POLITICIAN.

TOMMY (*to classmate in disgrace*)—"Hey, Chimmie; yer in ter get licked anyway. T'row dis red pepper inter de stove an' win a half-holiday fer us.'



NO REAL SUSTENANCE IN IT.

MISS WAFFLES—"What's the longest time you ever got along without food?"
PROFESSOR—"I once lived three days on my wife's cooking."

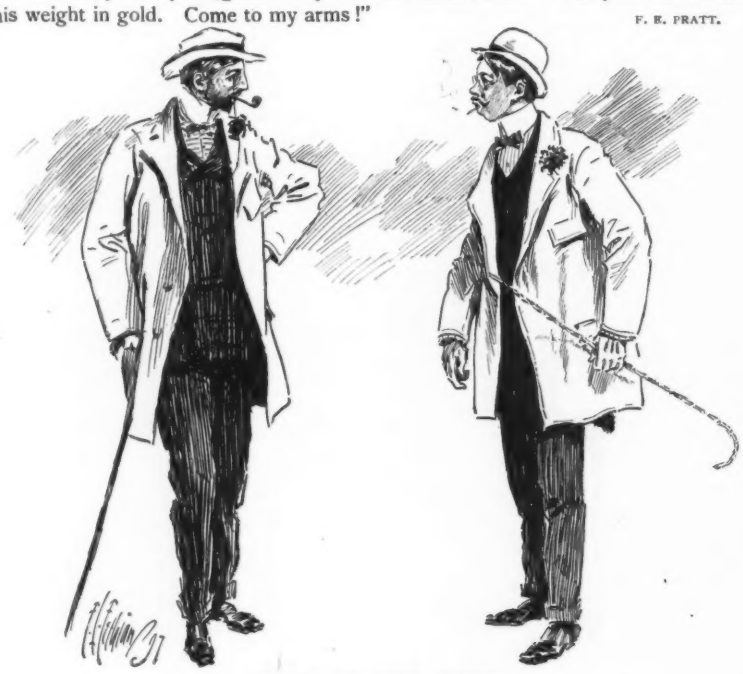
AN OPTICAL ALIBI.

KIND LADY—"Poor fellow! I presume that there is not a solitary consolation in your affliction."

BLIND MAN—"Only one, generous lady."

KIND LADY—"And, pray, what may that one be?"

BLIND MAN—"Dat I can't be accused by any of de talent of lookin' fer work, lady."



CAUSE OF THE LIMP.

CHOLLY—"Beg pawding, deah fellah—yaw seem to be—aw—limping this mawning, doncherknaw!"

GUSSIE—"Yes, doncherknaw—I was courting an—aw—young lady in a conservatory, lawst evening, when her—aw—fawthaw came in and gave me a rare old plant."

A STINGING BLOW.

1. MR. HUNTER—"My, but this is a find! As the wasps are evidently frozen I'll take it and hang it up in my garret for city visitors to admire."

THE RESTLESS HOUSE-WIFE.

THE benedict, proud over his first baby,
Just settled in his home beside his love,
Will smile upon his better-half—well, may be—
To learn her mind is quite made up to move.

HER OPPORTUNITY.

He (rising to say good-night)—"Well, I really must go, Miss Caroline. I've enjoyed myself immensely."

Boston maid (with frigid politeness)—"Really, I'm glad, I'm sure. I have enjoyed you too."

A WISE PRECAUTION.

"Guesh I'll take off m' shoes (hic) an' shrow shem up ahead of me, show ash not to wake m' wife."

ITS SPECIAL USE.

"WHY do you carry such an expensive watch, Clingstone?" asked Perkasie. "A cheaper one would tell the time just as well."

"Quite true," replied Clingstone; "but it would not pawn for so much."

2. POKERTON (*six months later*)—"Fine old garret, this of Hunter's. As he has given me the freedom of the house I'll commence by taking a few rounds out of his punching-bag.——

PLAUSIBLE.

Theatrical reporter—"Whew! father, mother, three sons and four daughters—all contortionists. How does it happen that the whole family learned this peculiar profession?"

Manager (confidentially)—"They dropped into it naturally. You see they all lived together for six years in a four-room flat and had to contort to keep out of each other's way."

NEEDFUL PREPARATIONS.

"THERE, now, my will is made and I have that off my mind. The bureau-drawers are in order and the closet-shelves dusted. Tell Mary to be sure to make bread fresh twice a week and not to boil the coffee. If anything happens tell my friends to forget my faults and remember only my virtues. I am thankful that the children are all large enough to live without me if they should be obliged to. Fetch me my cloak."

Thus spake the Boston lady, nor did her household wonder when she explained herself:

"I am going up town to do a little shopping, and I am afraid it will be necessary for me to pass up Tremont street. If there is no explosion of gas from the subway I shall be back in an hour or two, or in time for dinner."

3. ——(*Biff!*) Thunder! What th' dickens——

A SCOFFER AT THE SEANCE.

The medium (triumphantly, as a scratching noise is heard in the cabinet)—"Now if that isn't spirits, what is it?"

Voice (in the audience)—"Rats!"

PROGRESSION.

Exhibition fire-drill in the elephant quarters. Bolivar playing the hose.

BEYOND DISPUTE.

"HAVEN'T I seen you before?" asked Fosdick after an introduction to Gazzam.

"If you have ever seen me at all," replied Gazzam, "I think it must have been previously."

END OF THE ARGUMENT.

Clara—"You may talk about your French descent as much as you please, but I am contented to be a plain American."

Marie—"Well, let us be thankful you are no plainer."

4. ——have I struck?"

UNEQUAL RIGHTS.

IN A public market at the busiest morning hour a young housewife dictates to a clerk, who writes on an order-stub, "One package of cocoa, a jar of"—— She is touched on the arm from behind. "Oh, Mrs. Rathbone! How do you do?" They shake hands elaborately and fall to talking commonplaces. The clerk leans forward. "One jar of"——

"Oh, yes; of orange-marmalade."

Mrs. Rathbone starts. "My dear Mrs. Miles, *don't*. My little May was made very ill from eating orange-marmalade once. I don't believe the fruit was ever meant to be cooked."

The clerk coughs. Mrs. Miles exclaims excitedly, "*Not* orange marmalade. How is May, anyway, my dear?"

"I must tell you all about her mysterious case; but it is a long story, so I will give you first, before I forget it, my new recipe for peach-marmalade, which you will like much better than the orange. You just take one pound of"——

Clerk interrupts. "Is this all of your order, madam?"

"Of course not. I haven't got to olives yet. Why, here is Mrs. Turner. I must congratulate you at once on your son's engagement. Such a happy choice! But I haven't told either of you of my own bit of good news. Baby took his first step yesterday. We think his walk is just like an uncle on his father's side—a man who has been twice state senator and almost spoken of for president."

Chorus — "What an honor!"

"Isn't it? Why, there is Laura Seymour! She's just been around the world (not in that hat, I hope). My dear Laura, how do"——

Clerk calls loudly, "How large a jar of olives did you say, madam?"

"I didn't say. Now, Laura Seymour, tell us every word about your trip."

"But where shall I begin?"

"With the very first day. Well, of all things! Look there! If the clerk who started to take my order isn't waiting upon somebody else." She sweeps majestically toward the door.

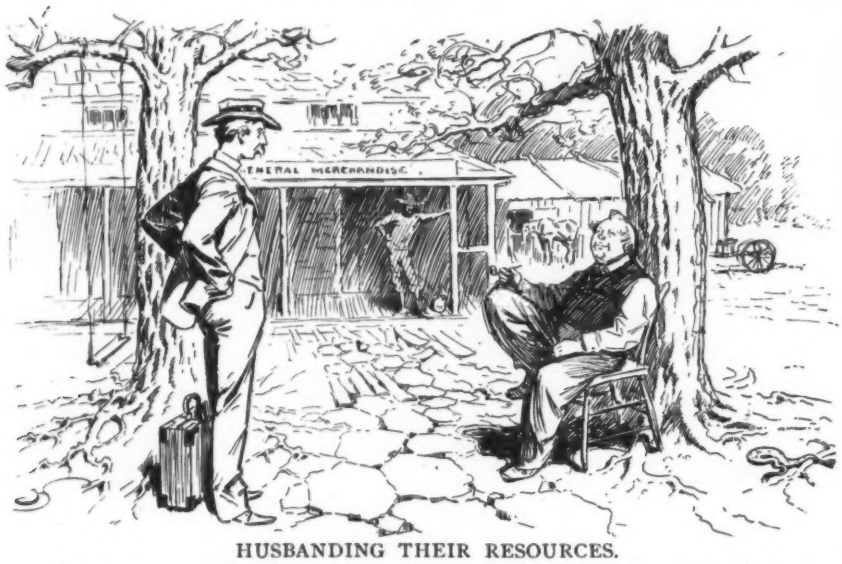
The clerk rushes forward, swathed in his most obsequious manner. "Is there anything else, madam?"

"Not in this place. I shall go where I can get waited upon."

VIOLETTE HALL

ENTERPRISE.

For those who are afflicted with the "matinée-hero" craze, our brush-boy is prepared to meet all demands for souvenirs of the popular tenor.



HUSBANDING THEIR RESOURCES.

THE DRUMMER—"Do you mean to tell me there's a law protecting snakes in Dryazell county?"

THE STORE-KEEPER—"Sholy. Y'see, it's proh'bition, an' ye've got tew hev a bony-fidy snake-bite befo' ye kin git a puhscription."

"I guess dis is a good pair ob queens toe open de pot wid."

A NATURAL CONCLUSION.

Sammy—"Oh, mamma! did you know our pig was deaf?"

Mamma—"No. What makes you think so?"

Sammy—"'Cause I can't make him hear 'less I poke him with a stick."

RIGHT TO THE POINT.

"WHERE do all the pins go to?" said a Harlem girl to her best beau when the talk about bicycles had lapsed into obnoxious disquietude.

"I'm pretty sure I know where a million of them go," he answered.

"Indeed? Why, where?" she asked with a start of surprise that made him withdraw his arm hastily from around her belt.

Gazing ruefully at the brand-new scratches on his wrist, he pointedly replied, "They go to waist."

The next time he called she wore her brother's ulster.

A GLARING BUNCO.

UNCLE ELI—"Say, Ketury; these patent-leather pumps ye bought me is a dern swindle. They won't even soffen up when a feller greases 'em wi' neat's-foot ile, b'gosh!"

"NOT ON YOUR LIFE."

A SUBSTITUTE.

TOMMY went to dine with his uncle.

"Did you ask a blessing, dear?" asks pious mamma.

"No, mamma; not exactly. But Uncle Dick said 'Blast the cook!' when we sat down."

THE "NEW" RUINS AT ALBANY.

Assemblyman Si Low—"Can't git no armory fur Podunk this year. Guv 's dead agin it."

Assemblyman Ote Field—"Jes' like him—jes' his style, that is. What kin ye expec' of a guv'nor that wants ter take the bread out o' folkses mouths by finishin' the capitol?"

THE FOOTPAD'S MISTAKE.

Alkali Ike—"Colonel Handy Polk, the real-estate agent, was held up last night."

Editor (of *Clarion*)—"That so? What did the robber get?"

Alkali Ike—"He got away. The colonel is wearin' a new watch to-day an' has a middlin' good six-shooter to sell."

FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

Short-sighted guest (to hotel-clerk)—"I was chilled to the bone. What a blessing these registers are!"

Clerk—"Excuse me, sir; but that's a perforated mat you're standing on."

A MARTYR TO HIS CONVICTIONS.

MRS. COHEN (*rushing into the room*)—"Oh, Ikey! vat is der matter mit your fader dot he acts so like a grazy man?"

LITTLE IKEY (*calmly*)—"Oh, he vas yust testing der gold in his teet' mit acid undt he burnt his mout'."

HIS PREDICAMENT.

First literary man—"Hang it all! There I've sent that shirt to the laundry and have forgotten to remove those silver cuff-buttons my aunt sent me last Christmas."

Second literary man—"Why don't you run over and get them?"

First literary man—"How can I go without my shirt?"

AN INVITATION.

I STAND beneath your window, sweet—
The building 's tall, love.
You could not see me here, I weet,
Nor hear my call, love.
I couldn't throw a pebble, for
It is too high up.
I haven't got a little bird
All trained to fly up.
I'll send a note, then, by the boy, instead of saying,
In proper mediæval style, "Come, love, let's go a-Maying."

If I should crown you with a wreath
And my devotion
Some bright reporter 'd write us up—
And like the notion.
We may not roam through meadows green
And pied with daisies;
Nor would I dare (upon the street)
To chaunt your praises.
So, let us just go down to Del's, no pranks a-playing,
And roses in the finger-bowls shall crown our Maying.

GREEN.

'MANDY—"That sign may be all right, but I would hate to wash the feller's stockin's thet wears them boots."

A LEGACY OF THE GRIP.

"WELL, how are you feeling this morning, Mike?"

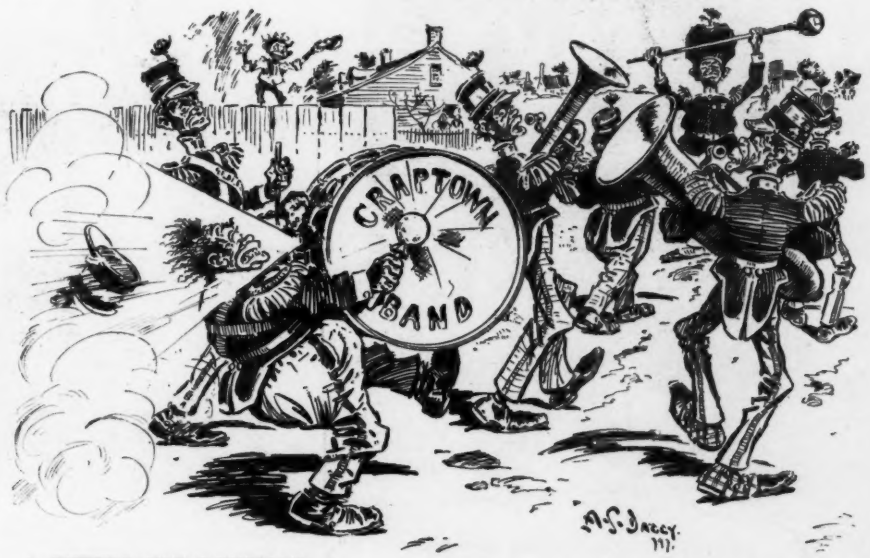
"Oi'm waik, sor; divilish ik. It's ivery bit av backbone s gone frum me ligs intoirely."

A MAGNIFICENT SIGHT.

Mrs. Pawnstien—"Vat are you going to geef leedle Mosey on his pirthday?"

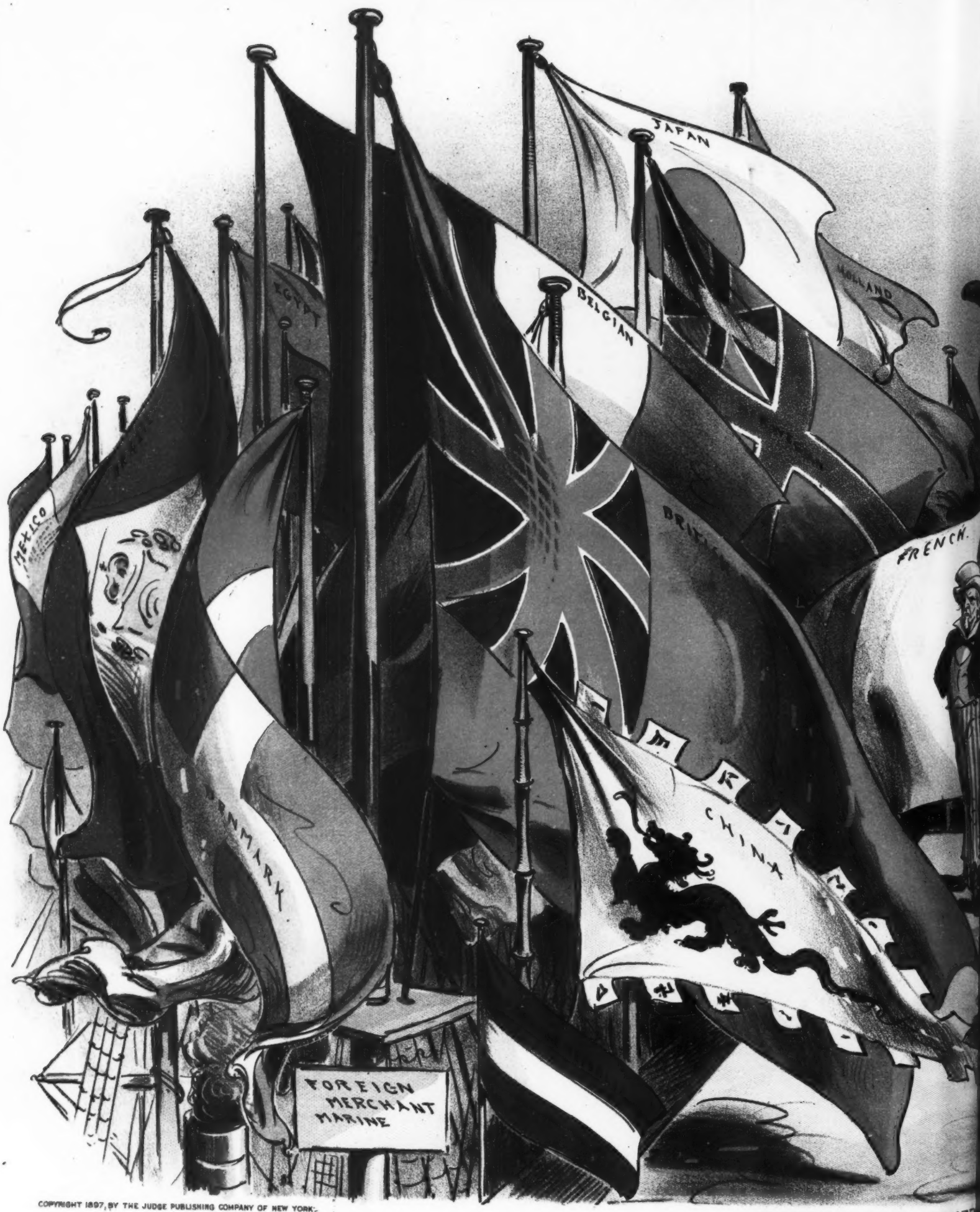
Mr. Pawnstien—"I vill led him look ad der tiamonds in der show-gase mit an obera-glass."

LITTLE 'RASTUS—"I'll fix my ol' man fo' drummin' *me* dis mo'nin'."



A PNEUMATIC REVENGE.

MR. BANGERS (*as the band starts up*)—"Boom! Ph-th-wit!"



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WHERE, OH, WHER IS

UNCLE SAM—" There must be somethi wrong

With 8,000 miles of seacoast, fine harbors, and abundant products, and with Asia and Europe offering markets for us on er hand but the trouble is that " we pay $500,000 a day to foreign ship rs" for

WHERE IS *OUR* FLAG?

something wrong with our navigation laws."

For us on the other hand, we have a superb position for a merchant marine. We do, indeed, sell and buy most liberally in these markets. ign shipowners" for carrying the goods so sold or purchased.—*New York Sun.*

MISS MARY ELLEN EASTSIDE AND THE BICYCLE.

AMIE DARLING eloped and got married to that South American; José Sebastino his name is, and I suppose she thinks she's cut a watermelon.

There wasn't any more need for her to elope than there is for me—jest nothin' but her romantic nonsense. Dressed herself in her new mauve suit to go to the theatre. They got a carriage at the L station an' drove to the minister's an' got married, went to the theatre, an' when it was out she went home as usual.

Her husband went to South America next day to stay two months. She never told her fam'ly for three weeks, an' when she did her mother boxed her ears. Served her jolly well right, too! Silly little minx! Doin' us out of a weddin' an' a feed. Her mother feels terrible. Says it's such a disgrace, when nobody was opposed an' she an' Mamie's sisters an' brothers jest dyin' for a blow-out. She says they've got to be married over again in shape. José has written that he's willin', an' that 'll jest suit Miss Gusher.

José writes to his wife every day an' sends her dead loads of money, an' she's made me some presents an' paid me pretty near all the money she borrowed off me, an' bought her father a new stovepipe (he'd wore his Sundays for ten years) an' got her mother a new wringer, an' dressed herself to kill.

One day last week she came t' me an' said, "Mary Ellen, I want t' learn t' ride a wheel 'fore José comes back, an' if you'll go with me I'll pay for lessons for you too."

"Good enough!" says I.

So we took three lines of street-cars for one fare, one evenin', an' went out to a place on the boulevard where a man gives you lessons round the corner of the sidewalk for fifty cents. Well, poor Mamie fell off so many times! An' I laughed at her so she cried. But I'm the daisy that can learn t' ride a wheel all right. I got the thing geared down as close to the ground as I could, an' kep' one foot most of th' time on the curb. Mamie was so mad at me for laughin' at her that she wouldn't speak to me goin' home, an' said that if she hadn't bought twelve tickets for me she wouldn't let me have another lesson.

"Keep the lot for yourself, Miss Puddin'!" I says. "You'll need 'em an' I won't."

Now George an' Bob has got a bicycle in partnership that they keep locked, down in the basement, an' I got Tommy to file a key to fit the padlock. Then him an' me took some timbers we found down there and laid two rows of 'em along the floor just far enough apart to make a slot for the bicycle, an' him an' me both learned in no time at all. We're very rapid, when we try hard, we are; and Tommy was awful good about keepin' it dark. I had to pay him ten cents every time, though, an' let him ride besides.

One day I was to meet George at Coney, an' in place of goin' down by boat I hired a wheel in Brooklyn. When he saw me ridin' he was tickled most t' death, an' we come back together.

MADELINE ORVIS.

HIS JOKE.

"My dear, will you have some of the white or dark meat?"

A SURE SIGN.

PARSON'S WIFE—"Did yo' notice dat Deacon Fowlah wuz moah loud an' earnes' in his prayin' an' singin' dis ebenin' dan usual?"

PARSON—"Ah did; an' yo' wants ter be shuah dat de hen-coop am propahly locked w'en we gits home, 'kase somebody gwine ter lose er chicken er two dis nite foh suttin"

A FACT.

SOME actors like to carry canes,
We know of five or six
Whose companies are nothing but
A lot of walking sticks.

THE REASON.

THOSE who marry very young do so because they are not old enough to know better.

NOT A VISIBLE AFFLUENCE.

FRAYED FRANCIS—"I seed a feller yestiddy wuth a millyun dollers."

LISTLESS LEMUEL—"W'ot d' he look like?"

FRAYED FRANCIS—"Pshaw! Not a bit fatter 'n you er me."

SIGNIFICANT COLDNESS.

ETHEL (*sadly*)—"Jack doesn't love me any more."

GRACE—"How do you know?"

ETHEL—"The last time he came to see me it took him only an hour to say good-night."

A New York paper remarks that "the bar sinister has been placed upon the escutcheon of Mr. Gowdy of Indiana, who hopes to be the next consul-general to Paris. It is openly charged that he eats pie with his knife." This simply shows the extent to which campaign vilification will go. Mr. Gowdy does not eat pie with a knife. On the contrary, in strict conformity with recognized conventionalities in hoosierland, he takes a quarter section of condensed nightmare in his hand and gracefully bites out a semi-circular chunk weighing about a pound.—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

HOTEL TRAYMORE,

Atlantic City, N. J. Appointments complete. Location unexcelled. D. S. White, jr., prop'r.

ATHENS (GEORGIA) EXCITED.

A citizen held in his hand yesterday a letter signed in some way and by somebody. The signature was submitted to one citizen, who remarked that it resembled a prize-fight; another said it was a case of parrot and monkey; still another was sure it resembled a nominating convention; while a fourth thought it was a picture of a log-jam. One was sure it was a boiler explosion; another a cyclone; another the razzle-dazzle; while a darky said it was a "mixtery."

A learned student, looking at it, said, "Non nostrum est tantus componere tites." (It is not for us to adjust such grave disputes.) But Captain Nickerson, arriving on the scene, cleared up the mystery by saying that it was the signature of Willet F. Cook, advertising manager of the great Republican cartoon paper, JUDGE. —*Athens (Georgia) Daily Banner.*

Dandruff,

Chafing, Itching,

Bad Complexion,

and Odors from Perspiration,

quickly relieved by

Packer's Tar Soap.

"Excellent in Chafing, Dandruff, Itching." —*Med and Surg. Reporter.*

The sultan looked up in alarm from the portfolio of war-sketches of his frontier correspondent. "Heavens!" he shrieked; "is it as bad as that?" His secretary hastened to reassure him. "That, sire," he said, "is a picture of a Greek soldier." The sultan reached for a sherbet. "By the beard of the prophet!" he gasped, "I thought by the knee-skirt it was a new woman."—*New York Press.*

American champagnes are fast driving out the imported article. At the head of the list is *Cook's Imperial.*

"I am wholly a self-made man," said the gentleman with the air of money to incinerate. They who heard him laughed softly. It was common report that the bald area on the top of his head was the work of his wife.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

As a specific against dyspepsia and other troubles of the stomach, also as an appetizer and for mixing in drinks, nothing superior to BOKER'S BITTERS.

"D'ye moind thot?" said Dolan as he gazed out of the window. "It's a foine p'rade. An' all thim min is in loine marchin' widout goin' nowheres in partic'lar. Thot's th' peculiar'ty av human natur'. We don't iver think we're inj'yin' oursilves onliss we're worrukin' loike blazes an' gittin' nothin' done."—*Washington Star.*

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25c. a Bundle, 10 in Bundle.

Trial Package in Pouch by mail for 25c.

H. ELLIS & CO., Baltimore, Md.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Successor.

A street-car was so crowded that four or five men had to hang on the step. The step broke down under their weight and one of them was injured by the fall. "There seems to be something lacking in your report of the affair," said the magnate as he looked over the conductor's paper. "What is it, sir?" asked the trembling employé. "You do not state whether you got the fare of that man who was hurt before he fell off."—*Buffalo Express.*

You know that Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters is the only genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous dealers who want to impose on you with spurious imitations.

Professor (coming home late)—"Drat it! there was something I wanted to do. What on earth was it? (After thinking about it half an hour.) Aha! now I know. I wanted to go to bed."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

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Winton finish is worthy of Winton workmanship. Five coats of best enamel,—tough, durable, lustrous, brilliant. Will not crack or peel. Six colors to choose from. Catalogue free.

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Philadelphia office, 17 N. Tenth St.

"I guess there's trouble over at Smith's." "Yes?" "Yes. Any way, Mrs. Smith just ran out, looking quite agitated, and asked where the nearest penny-in-the-slot divorce-machine was."—*Detroit Journal.*

Pass on the good word. Abbott's Original Angostura Bitters befriended you. You can make friends by giving good advice.

"I noticed the doctor's carriage at your door yesterday afternoon. Was it anything serious?" "Serious? It is absolutely mournful. Cries all the time it is awake."—*Typographical Journal.*

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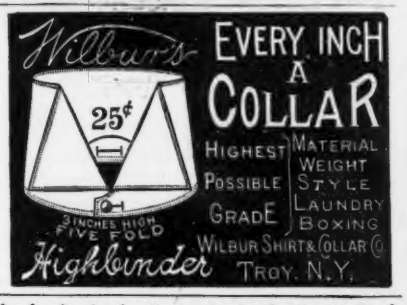

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First AND Best.

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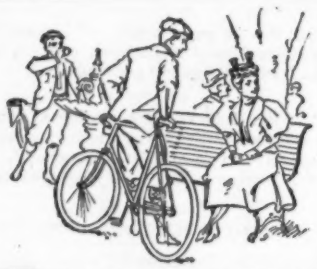

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'Tis not the hopeless that achieve,
The faltering foot that reaches goals.
No web of gain can fortune weave
From fibre of recoiling souls.
Endure. Repel fear's icy clutch
That fain would pluck your heart away;
See barriers crumble at your touch,
And know your time will come some day.

Yes, "all things come to him who waits,"
But meanwhile you must labor too;
Barred shall remain Possession's gates
Till your strong hands the hasp undo.
Armed with most steadfast purpose, learn
Beyond the clouds of chilliest gray
The certain sunlight to discern,
And feel your time will come some day.

Oh, tameless spirit! Hail elate
All harrowing trials, whips and stings
That come, because their chastening weight
The soul to higher stature brings!
And strength redoubled shall replace
The blood that trickles as they flay.
The way is long, but yours the race;
Surely your time will come some day.
—*John Talman in Chicago Times-Herald.*

"Eliza Jane goes in for being a new woman, doesn't she?" "Well, rather. Her cards read 'Miss E. Jane Brown.'"—*New York Evening World.*

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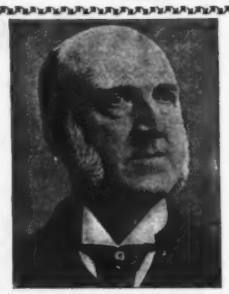

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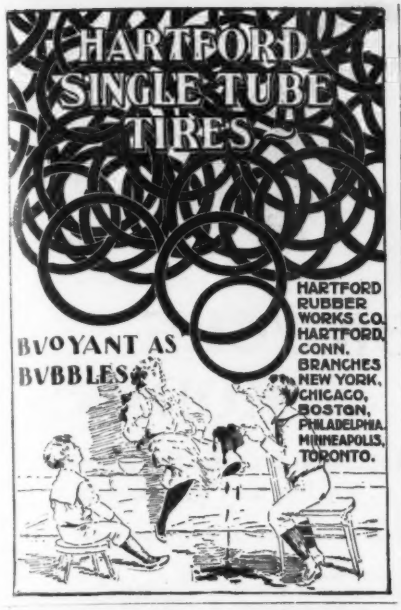

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It's pleasing to a fellow
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—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

"I have been reading about the coming styles in sleeves," remarked Mrs. Frankstown. "Are they to be too tight or too loose?" asked Mrs. Point Breeze.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

"My paw 's goin' into the chicken-raisin' business," said Johnny. "He's goin' down town to-morrow to buy an incubus or an indicator—I forget which you call it."—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

There is said to be a project on foot to connect Chicago and Milwaukee by a boulevard one hundred miles long. If this is ever done Chicago will claim Milwaukee as a suburb.—*New York Advertiser.*

Husband—"I met a man who said he's been married to you." *The wife*—"Did you ask his name?" *Husband*—"No." *The wife*—"Then how can I tell if it's true."—*Pick-Me-Up.*

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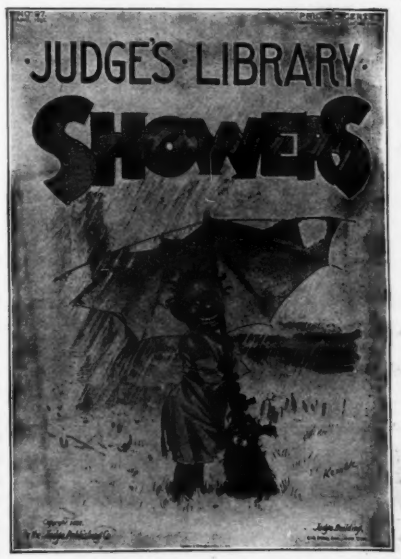

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THE "OLDEST"—"Oh, I shall try to keep sober a week!"

—*Punch.*

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Dr. Abbott having reaffirmed his opinion in re Jonah and the whale, why does not the new journalism send one of its shemale reporters down to Nahant to crawl into the throat of that whale and thus settle the question for all time to come? — *Rochester Herald.*

A certain farmer, who is by no means noted for his resemblance to Apollo, has a son of seven who possesses more wit than reverence. One day a stranger came to the farm and, seeing the lad, asked, "Sonny, where's your father?" "In the pigpen," was the reply. "In the pig-pen? Thanks." And as the man moved in the direction indicated the boy shouted, "I say! you'll know him, 'cause he's got a hat on." — *London Tid-Bits*

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Corked-up health—ready for your uncorking. Sparkling, snappy, thirst-allaying HIRES Rootbeer, ready bottled. Nothing in it but roots, barks, berries, distilled water—and healthful enjoyment. Quenches your thirst, gives you an appetite. A draught of it refreshes you—body and mind; makes you readier for work or play. A promoter of good health and good cheer. The most wholesome drink for bicyclists—anybody, at home, traveling, working, sleeping.

Sold by all dealers by the bottle and in cases of two dozen pints. See that HIRES and the signature *Chas. E. Hires Co.* are on each bottle. Package of HIRES Rootbeer extract makes 5 gallons. Sold, as formerly, by all dealers.
THE CHAS. E. HIRES CO., Philadelphia.

"I never saw so much stupidity," said the colonel from Kentucky. "I went into a saloon in Boston and called for a little whisk, and they handed me a small broom."— *New York Journal.*

A Hot Springs merchant, who is a baseball enthusiast, hung nine dressed chickens out in front of his store the other day and labeled them thus, "A picked nine"—*Arkansaw Thomas Cat.*

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WHICH CURED HIM AFTER EVERYTHING ELSE FAILED.

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I am not a philanthropist, nor do I pose as an enthusiast; but there are thousands of men suffering the mental tortures of weakened manhood who would be cured at once could they but get such a remedy as the one that cured me. Do not try to study out how I can afford to pay the few postage-stamps necessary to mail the information, but send for it, and learn that there are a few things on earth that, although they cost nothing to get, they are worth a fortune to some men and mean a lifetime of happiness to most of us. Write to Thomas Slater, Box 151, Kalamazoo, Michigan, and the information will be mailed in a plain sealed envelope.

TOURIST (*who has just given Pat a drink from his flask*)—"That's a drop of good whisky—eh, Pat?"

PAT—"Faith, ye may well say thot, sorr. Shure, it wint down me throat loike a torchlight procission." —*Punch.*

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(*Trade Mark*)

PERFECT COLLAR BUTTON.

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
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ALBANY, N. Y. Keeler's European Hotel, Maiden Lane, Albany.

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PAPER WAREHOUSE.
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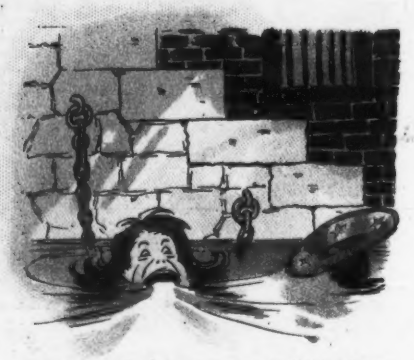
Judge



As the merciless stream crept up to Kiddsy the boy scout's lips a sudden thought struck him. "Saved!" he cried; "I will drink the water until help arrives."

With a lightning-like movement our hero covered Big Bill, the bandit. Meekly the cringing villain allowed Kiddsy to handcuff him, knowing it folly to engage our hero in a physical encounter.

On came Ruptured Muskrat's band in Indian file, and hot on the trail. Crack! barked little Sureshot's elephant rifle, and the nineteen braves paid the penalty of their temerity. Little Sureshot had again triumphed.

Rain-in-the-ears, with the desperation of terror, commenced to chant his death two-step. He knew that he was up against little Artie and nothing on earth could save him.

Buck as he would, the infuriated bronco had at last met his master in Buckskin Bennie, the infant cattle-puncher, etc.

A familiar scene on one of our side streets.

With howls of rage the armed guard of the treasure-box threw down their guns and gave up the "dough," as they well knew it would be useless to resist Little Willie, the road agent.

Although taken by surprise by the three Comanches, Little Lightning by a superhuman effort seized Horse Blanket, the Sandow of the tribe, in his teeth while he slowly raised the warriors in his arms and choked them to death. Meanwhile the chief, Black Eagle Feather, had turned white in his terror.

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Old Rube was startled by the whirr of a lariat and felt himself ascending, still bound to the stake. "Silence!" hissed a boyish voice as his bonds were cut. It was Little Lightning.

On came the whooping horde of red devils. Little Lightning knew his faithful horse, Powder Neck, was incapable of taking the chasm, when like a flash he dismounted and with a prodigious leap cleared the gulch and yanked the horse over bodily in the faces of the discomfited varmints.

Suddenly from among the bodies of the slain Indians rose painfully Old Kattler, the guide. "Thank heaven, boy, you're here!" Little Lightning thereupon produced a bottle of hair-restorer and poured it over where the old trapper had been scalped, and in a few moments his hair reappeared, as if by magic.

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho Co New York

THE JUVENILE BLOOD-AND-THUNDER CRAZE.